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Judge

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THE CONTEST FOR THE AUTUMN ELECTION-PENNANT.

The Republican party is playing so carelessly that it stands in danger of being "struck out."

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BOULANGER has the nose and some of the vices of Louis Napoleon, but he lacks the nerve and the tame eagle.

* * *

WHENEVER the Tammany men and the Counties get together they cry out "Harmony" and let slip the dogs of war.

* * *

ALL THE OUTSIDE Democratic conventions are devoted to the great work of remembering free trade the better to forget David B. Hill.

* * *

MR. CLEVELAND doesn't say much, but he is scratching himself as if every square inch of his corporeal substance had a flea there.

* * *

A PROHIBITIONIST opens his mouth for the sole purpose of ejecting spleen. When he shuts it—on the whole, however, he doesn't shut it.

* * *

"AFTER A WHILE the deluge!" exclaims the *Voice*, which is for prohibition. Is it any better to be killed by one deluge than another deluge?

* * *

DAVID KALAKAUA, king, etc., is writing an epic poem. We shall judge the poem just as soon as we learn the trumps and whether David is able to cash his notes.

* * *

WHEN THE CZAR and the kaiser embraced there was the mutual whisper, after the American fashion, "Keep yer other hand out o' yer hip-pocket."

* * *

THE PUBLIC is glad to hear, after several alarming rumors, that Samuel J. Randall is all right, but the Democratic party continues to insist that he is all wrong.

* * *

NOBODY NEED be alarmed about the legislature of this state; and as for the Republican state ticket, that is big enough and able enough to take care of itself.

* * *

GOVERNOR HILL created as much sensation in Georgia as a mosquito with a large sing to it might create in New Jersey if it were the only bird of that kind.

* * *

THERE IS DOUBT as to whether Mrs. Cleveland killed the deer which they say she shot. That is really quite gratifying, because it admits the suspicion that she shot him.

* * *

BROTHER FLOWER is a generous man; and when his money gives out there will be this private message from the poet David to a sympathizing world—"All's well that ends Roswell."

* * *

THE TAFFY given the south by Governor Hill was excellent; but the confectionery that is distributed with the obvious purpose of recompense loses its sweetness the moment it has disappeared.

MEASURES OF PROTECTION.

MR. MUSGREAVES—"Goin' inter d' stove business, Paul?"
MR. HAMPTON—"Nopey, nopey; not dis yeah. I's gwine down t' pay my respec's t' Miss Radclyffe, on d' tu'npike, an' I ain't been interjuced t' d' ole man's new dawg yit."

THE PEOPLE of St. Louis are sending out maps to show that they occupy the centre of the continent and therefore ought to have the world's fair; but in our opinion the fair ought to go to Franklin, Ky.

* * *

BROTHER TALMAGE has contributed a great deal to the morals and the good living of this country and this century, and his services ought to bring him the monument of a new and splendid tabernacle.

* * *

MRS. POTTER, according to Mr. Bellew, will not be able to act again until late in January. Her trouble, she says, is the fever of the footlights, and we are afraid that's incurable. But Mr. Potter is quite well.

* * *

SUSAN B. ANTHONY wants half a million or so from a glucose company that has infringed her rights. That is not entirely modest, for the dear old girl has sweetness enough to lose two-thirds of it without missing her loss.

THE WEALTH WE HAVE NEGLECTED.

IF THE South American congress, now the guests of the United States, are not worn out with their swift and unprecedented journeying; if their minds are not dazed with the spectacular display of frequent cities, the smallest as large or larger than any of their own capitals; if they are not surfeited by the kaleidoscopic presentation of industrial activities, so entirely in contrast with their more languid and leisurely methods, they will certainly be stimulated to report to their respective governments that an industrial alliance and exchange between themselves and the republic of the north will be of vast and mutual benefit.

During the last thirty years the civilized world has made greater strides in material production and rapidity of commercial interchange than in the six centuries preceding. Such absolutely new conditions have been developed by steam and telegraph that a whisper in Europe is heard here as soon as uttered, and the Atlantic is crossed on a pontoon bridge of almost touching steamers. While the United States has been intent on all possible methods of internal advancement and the speediest recuperation from the exhaustion of its internecine struggle, Europe, handicapped, as it is and has been, by brief and yet costly contests, and the expensive maintenance of watchful armaments (from which latter the arbitrament concluded at Appomattox has saved us), has not been sleeping. England, Germany and France have been reaching out, ready to harvest any new ground that promised a profitable field.

It was the inevitable result of the late conflict that our first instinct should be addressed to the healing of our own wounds and a replacement of the national waste. While we were devoting ourselves to internal development and invigoration the maritime and manufacturing enterprises of Europe, having no unoccupied territory to develop, devoted themselves to the discovery of new markets and the commercial cultivation of the seas. The United States has not been blind to its own interests and the resources of Central and South America, but its hand has not been strong enough, or its arm long enough, till now, to extend a fraternal greeting. It is perhaps fortunate that two presidential terms have elapsed between Mr. Blaine's proposal of amity and commercial alliance with our continental neighbors, as the time has now fully ripened its advantages.

With a conscious appreciation of our large landed estate, we are apt to overlook the fact that the Central and South Americas have an available area double and more than double that of the United States; that while they are separated into eighteen political divisions, nearly all republics, they may be regarded, in their common Latin-race origin, as separate sovereign states, like our own, and only lacking in the tie of federation. Their aggregate population is within a few millions as large as ours. The largest and most majestic navigable rivers in the world penetrate their territory, affluent with temperate and tropical products. Their immense mountain vertebra bulges with the wealth of the utilitarian and the richest of metals. Their primitive forests are mines of the rarest woods and are

AN ADIRONDACK SURPRISE.

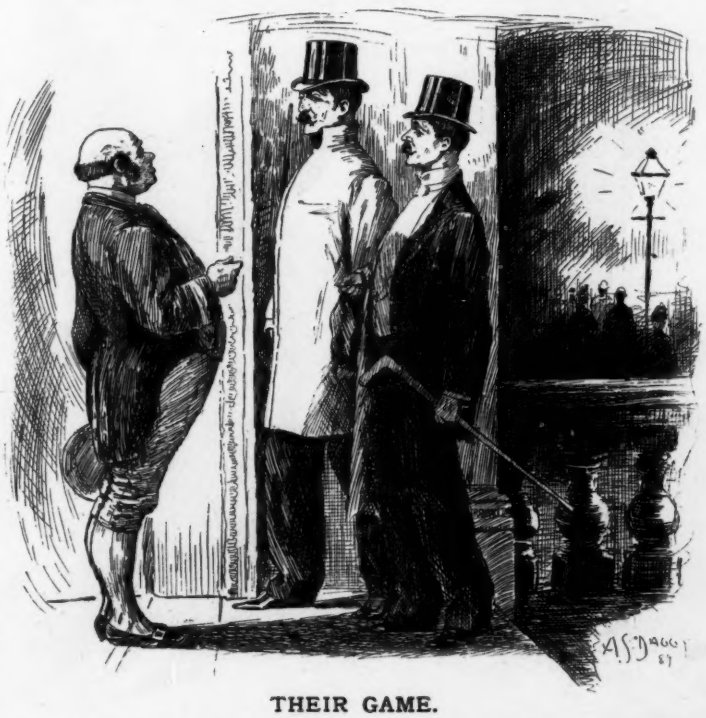
FIRST GUIDE—"I seen it move, Hiram, an' I'm goin' t' bore it once f'r luck."

THE TARGET—"Don't shoot, friends. I've had all th' 'xcitement I can stand. They had a tar-'n-feather bee over t' Follingby's pond last night, an' I was 'it."

laden with tropical fruits, and the juices of a limitless vegetation give the world all it receives of rubber and the kindred elastic gums. In fact these vast regions, just awakening from somnolency, present to the observing world new possible national conditions. While drawing, not with speed but certainty, the reinforcements of European emigration, they will be largely relieved of the great problem that troubles our wisest statesmen, and be almost wholly relieved of the menace of a vast and unassimilable African race.

The parsimony of our policy in denying assistance to our merchant marine by withholding fair compensation for carrying the mails has suppressed direct commercial relations with the countries south of us, and thrown it into the control of European nations. Europe has two hundred steamers carrying its passengers and manufactures across the Atlantic to South American ports. Europe subsidizes her ships with annual millions, so that her goods may go with the mails. We have but four scant and semi-starved lines for intercourse with states south of the isthmus. We buy of Brazil annually about $50,000,000 of its products, and sell back to that country but $8,000,000. This is not because we do not produce as cheap and well, but because all we make and offer has to pay the double freight from our ports to Liverpool, and from Liverpool to South America. In the past twenty years we have paid South American people nearly $1,200,000,000 and sold them far less than $500,000,000. The difference of over $700,000,000 has gone in gold, or its equivalent, through London, to pay for European fabrics to meet the South American demand. A direct trade under similar government assistance as that given to English commerce would enable our manufacturers to successfully compete. Now, our shipments cross the Atlantic and back, 8,000 to 9,000 miles, and involve a transfer, instead of 3,000 miles and no breakage of bulk. It is a wonder we retain any South American trade. The United States government pays less money to our few steamers to carry the South American mails than it pays for the wagons that carry the same bags across Manhattan island.

The secretary of state who, in the early days of the Garfield administration, paved the way to this congress, is now, after eight years of an interregnum of lethargy, able, as premier of the present administration, to address himself to the creation and direction of intercontinental intercourse. The foresight and resources, the conservatism and enterprise of James G. Blaine will do all that is possible to crystalize this effort to a definite success. Its achievement will stamp him as one of the ablest and greatest statesmen of the age. J. A.



THEIR GAME.

MR. BAJOVE (*who has been showing the city to a friend, mistakes Mrs. Van Aleman's residence for a popular club*).

THE BUTLER (*after waiting a moment*)—"Cards, gentlemen?"

MR. BAJOVE—"No; we're going to spin a little roulette to-night. New door-keeper since I was here, Jack."

WHEN SHANKS of the *Star* draws his stockings on he has to be very careful lest he injure his intellect with his untrimmed upper hoofs.

* * *

THE HARMONY of the Democratic factions of this city is as pronounced as the blow of a sandbagger, but it makes more noise and is more destructive.

* * *

COURTING in Chicago, according to an authority, is done mostly after marriage; so that there is really no courting in Chicago, the divorce following the marriage with such rapidity as to permit nothing of that kind.

* * *

MR. DAN LAMONT is surreptitiously operating the Broadway railway. We hope he will make money; but if he were as anxious to run for governor, or president, or something of that kind, as William C. Whitney is, he would presently find that poverty is a great blessing.

HUM OF THE COURT.

WHEN PRIVATE DALZELL opens his mouth he is in danger of dislocating his ears.

AUSTRALIA has a petrified man, and proposes to make him a committee in behalf of a world's fair.

MILAN, ex-king of Servia, will remain in Paris. Wherever Milan remains, that is a good thing for all the other places.

SULLIVAN, Sir Arthur, says he has made fifteen thousand dollars out of his "Lost Chord." Here is a loss that is provocative of exceeding gain.

"I LEFT my cyclopedia at home," said Governor Hill maliciously at Atlanta. Next time, David, take the cyclopedia and omit the so-called principles.

A SUSPICIOUS LATE-COMER.

THE DEACON—"That man at the rear of the church just sent word that he'd like to contribute."
THE PASTOR—"Who is he?"
THE DEACON—"Dilbacker, the button-manufacturer of Philadel"——
THE PASTOR—"Shut the box!"

ONLY ONE MAN is fitted to be a "lineman." We allude, of course, to Mr. Kemmler of Buffalo, who is proof against all manner of electricity. The law has 'tended to *him*.

IF THE OWNER of the *Star* would swap Shanks off for a less noisy jackass he wouldn't be so much of a jackass himself. Though, to be sure, the change might not be gratifying to his peculiar ear.

OUR CHAUNCEY says he doesn't understand Virginia politics. There is where our Chauncey shows even more than his usual prudence. The less a man knows of Virginia politics the wiser he is.

THIS TOWN has two thousand actors who are unable to get situations, and the Norristown *Herald* suggests that they go to work. But they are at work. No man works so hard and so painfully as the man who has no work to do.

THE PURPOSE of trying to steal the bones of Ralph Waldo Emerson is almost as incomprehensible as was some of the dear old boy's philosophy.

A FAITH CURIST says Christian science kills no more patients than do the doctors. There is an argument that will make the sneering doctors sick.

DAYLIGHT, according to a French scientist, entirely ceases at the depth of fifteen hundred and eighteen feet in the Mediterranean. It certainly does when the man who goes overboard gets there.

IF IT IS TRUE, as alleged, that the kaiser thinks of nothing but war, we hope the time will come when he will think of nothing but the best way to get out of it.

THE CHIEF EDITING of the *Star* of this city relates to the means to keep the men from striking, and in that respect the paper is a brilliant morning apology.

THEY TELL of a man in Buffalo who swallowed six live frogs. Surely a merciful Providence never intended that six live frogs should get in such a stomach as that.

A PIANO was "carried nine miles on the Johnstown flood," but the girl has recovered it and is knocking thunder out of it in all the million rooms in which she is domiciled.

THE FOOL who is wise in his own conceit is happy; but the fool who knows he is a fool has acquired knowledge so unfortunate that he might better have remained in ignorance.

A PARAGRAPH speaks of "Elder Brigham Young, a son of Brother Brigham and his three wives and eleven children." How a man can be a son of that number of wives and children is curious enough to be extremely aggravating.

MRS. WILCOX says, "The worst man I ever saw had no vice." Poor dear! He must have been tedious company. That kind of scoundrel is not smart enough to acquire so much as a type-writer.

A WOMAN with luxurious hair says she is never at ease while conversing with William Edgar Nye. She does not fear for her purse and jewelry, but William looks as eager as an Indian who has been scalped himself.

A MAN who is called a railroad prince takes pains to tell an anxious public that he has not sold his daughter for a foreign title, but that after mature deliberation he has concluded to buy the foreign title. And what a distinction with a difference that is!

AS WE have said, Mr. Curtis is worthy of all respect for the ability of his quarrel with all the rest of the world; but let him shun the company of mugwumps and everybody else will want to live a thousand years for the privilege of shedding tears at his too premature funeral.

VOLUNTEERED ADVICE.

THE COUNTESS D'ALLIMONTE—"Caspar Dunstan, I demand information as to me son! I saw you with him on the island in the river an hour ago, and have had it searched without success. Where is he?"
VOICE FROM THE THIRD GALLERY—"Why doncher try Sing Sing?"

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

Countryman—"Are you a freak of nature?"

Tattooed woman—"No, sir; I'm simply a freak of the dime museum."

HER VALUABLES GONE.

Actress—"I'm afraid our season won't be much of a success, Mr. Billboard."

Manager—"Oh, yes, it will. I have booked you at all the leading theatres in the country."

Actress—"Yes, that's all right; but somebody broke into my room last night and stole all my decrees of divorce."

THE LINEMAN'S COMPARISON.

ROLLING clouds of shattered death,
Yells from foemen rushing,
Thrust of flashing bayonet,
Thuds of gun-butts crushing.
"Men are needed on right flank;
Jump now, boys, to reach 'm·
Hurry up that caisson there;
We'll a lesson teach 'm!"

I was there in sixty-odd,
Came out very fairly;
Lost a finger—don't count much,
Only miss it rarely.
Got a touch of rheumatiz,
Plagues me when it's chilly;
Caught it down in Libby when
Th' Johnnies had us silly.

But!
Now as pole I clamber up,
Wires sizzling—burning,
I look back to battle-days
With a kind of yearning.

G.

CONCEALING HIS IDENTITY.

"I SAY, Brown, you know what a fool Smith is? Well, I met him the other day in Washington and he actually talked like a person possessing strong common-sense."

"Perhaps he was traveling incognito."

PEOPLE WE HAVE NOT SMILED WITH.

THE girl we met at Mt. Desert who said she'd be a sister to us.

The young man next door who is learning to whistle "Marguerite."

The "L" guard who shut us out one full minute before the train started.

The fellow who lured us into taking a Third avenue Italian table d'hote dinner.

The old lady who offered us a tract as we came out of a Park row newspaper-office.

The man who gave us a straight tip on a horse that stopped to nibble grass at the quarter-pole.

The editor who sent back our poem with a type-written letter telling us that he was "obliged to return much valuable matter."

The amateur photographer who asked us to sit for him and then sold one thousand of the cards as "before using" ads. for a popular cosmetic.

The proof-reader who turns our "friends" into "fiends" and changes our sweethearts' "lips of rose" into "tipsy nose" without turning an eye-lash.

The young person who likes to air her opinions in print, which the first letter of her name is

KATE MASTERSON.

WHOLESOME ADVICE.

SOME one had given a beggar two cents.

Belisarius weighs them in his hand and then turns upon his benefactor and in tones of ill-concealed contempt asks:

"Well, guv'ner, and what may yer be 'spectin' that I's agoin' fer ter do wid two cents?"

"I'd advise you to give them to the first poor person you meet who really needs them."

A VITAL QUESTION.

Dentist (to patient)—"Will you take gas to have the tooth out?"

Patient—"How much is it a thousand?"

TOO BIG A JOB FOR HIM.

Editor (to basket-maker)—"I sent for you to come and take an order for a waste-basket for use in the editorial rooms."

Basket-maker—"I'm afraid I cannot undertake the commission. The largest basket I can turn out will hold only seventeen bushels."

IMPRESSING THE FAMILY.

PRINCE LAZZARINI—"Little Pietro goa ze route to-day, Pepita. Jocko sick. Taka ze rest."

IN ONE EYE ONLY.

BAD BOY—"De old blind chump won't 'no de diff'rence if I help meself to some of his nickels."

BLIND BEGGAR—"I reckon I got an eye to business yet, sonny."

GETTIN' ALONG.

'THOUGH it cums 'long ev'ry year,
It allus makes me feel thet queer
An' sort o' juicy round the eyes—
The time, I mean, when dead leaves flies,

An' when the birds hez lost ther tune,
An' when the dark draps down too soon,
An' through the boughs an' all erlong
The road, the wind its dismal song

Jes' kind o' howls an' kicks up tricks
With all the crisped-up leaves an' sticks,
An' flings the dust right in yer eyes;
An' when the dull clouds heavy lies

Acrost the sky an' makes you think
The ole year's jes' begun ter sink—
Wall, that's erbout the time o' year
I allus feel so kind o' queer!

The summer-days hez up an' fled,
An' most the trees is painted red;
The jay-bird's stopped his little flute
An' skipped off in his bed-tick suit;

The lily's head hez drapped down low
As o'er it now the chill streams flow,
An' through the air a suddint quack
Cums tellin' us the wil'-duck's back.

The hick'ry nuts draps off the trees
An' makes a feller think he sees
The woods a-sheddin' of ther tears
A-thinkin' of the passin' years;

'Cos when the wind blows s'rill an' cold
A feller feels *he's* growin' old;
He's sort o' juicy round the eyes—
The time, I mean, when dead leaves flies!

K. C. TAPLEY.

SENTENCES PASSED BY THE JUDGE.

INTERESTING generally means interested.

Information resides in the head; knowledge in the heart.

There are more ways of falling in love than there are of getting out of it.

Anticipate as one will there is always some loophole for the unexpected to enter.

One may be as disappointed in finding the unexpected as in not finding the expected.

There is no delivery from the flatterer, for his tendencies only increase with age.

Justice before mercy, law before love, morality before religion: a measure equally filled before heaped to overflowing.

Most questions will answer themselves in time; and the answer not infrequently comes with a startling emphasis.

KATHRINE GROSJEAN.

SHOULD NOT BE DISTURBED.

Servant—"Will madam speak a little lower?"

Mistress—"What is the matter? Have any of the children been taken sick?"

Servant—"No, ma'am; but this is the hour for Fido's afternoon nap."

HIS FIRST-BORN, AND HE WAS UNUSED TO THEM.

CANNARTY (*to the nurse*)—"Sorra, sorra, sorra th' day!"
MRS. BERRIGAN—"What's wrong, sor?"
CANNARTY (*in an agony of despair*)—"Th' kid has no tathe."

THE VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE end of a conversation.

"But, my dear fellow, if what you say of this man is true he's a despicable cur."

"You may rely on its being the naked truth. As he's a friend of mine you'll understand that I would not be guilty of slandering him behind his back."

VERY EXHAUSTING WORK.

Clara—"I wouldn't speak to papa to-night, George, if I were you."

George—"Isn't he feeling well, Clara?"

Clara—"No; he's very tired and cross. There's nothing that uses dear papa up so completely as cutting coupons from his government bonds."

AFFORDING FACILITIES.

STRANGER—"Want a good item?"
CITY EDITOR—"Why, yes."
STRANGER—"Well, I'm just going home unexpectedly with two friends and a set of poker-chips and I thought perhaps you'd like to have your war-correspondent see my wife receive us."

THE WORST YET.

"JONES, I hear you said I was carousing around town last night. Now you've got to contradict that statement. I left the club just after twelve; stopped into the oyster-saloon where I met you, ate half-a-dozen raws and went directly home. Now you've"——

Jones—"That's what I said, and now you own up to it."

Brown—"I'd like to know how?"

Jones—"You acknowledge that you were a midnight raw-oysterer, don't you? That's what I said."

THE OLD MAID.

ALONE she trod life's dreary stage.
How long? you ask. Ah, well—
Why need the fair one tell her age,
When age itself will tell?

AN EVEN EXCHANGE, ETC.

Minister—"John, you know that barrel of sermons down cellar marked 'No. 1'?"

John—"Yes, sir."

Minister—"I wish you would put a new head on it and address it to Rev. Sepworth Sopwait, Shropshire, England."

John—"Yes, sir."

Minister—"And, John, won't you inquire at the steamship office and see if there isn't a barrel for me from Shropshire, England?"

HALLOWEEN.

AS KATE and I walked down the lane,
That evening in November,
I tried to tell her, but in vain,
The words I now remember.

The starlight night, the moon's weird light,
Seemed made for bashful lover;
I thought, "Oh, elves, bethink my plight
And with thy witcheries move her."

A little cloud came o'er the moon,
I couldn't then resist her;
Again 'twas light, but not too soon,
For I had clasped and kissed her.

IONE L. JONES.

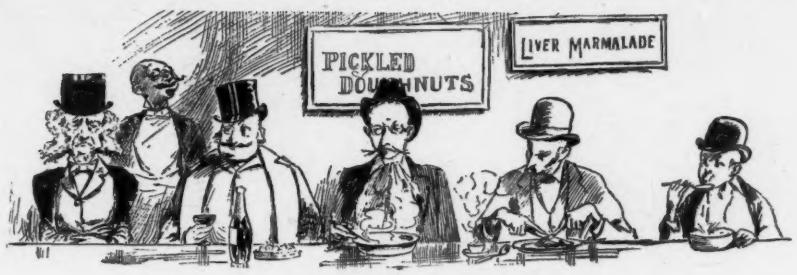
THE TWO R'S.

"LATE to dinner as usual, my dear. Where can you have been gandering to all the morning?"

"Why, I ran across a detachment of our brave defenders and stopped to look at them."

"You know your doctor insists on your taking your meals with the greatest regularity."

"True; but pray tell me how I'm to follow a regimen and a regiment at one and the same time, Mrs. Wiseacre?"



DILUTED PLEASURE.

THEY were sitting at the counter of the famous oyster-house,
And the steaming hot aroma from the plunder
Gave a thrill of keenest pleasure to the sense of all but one,
He was sitting at the end as grim as thunder.

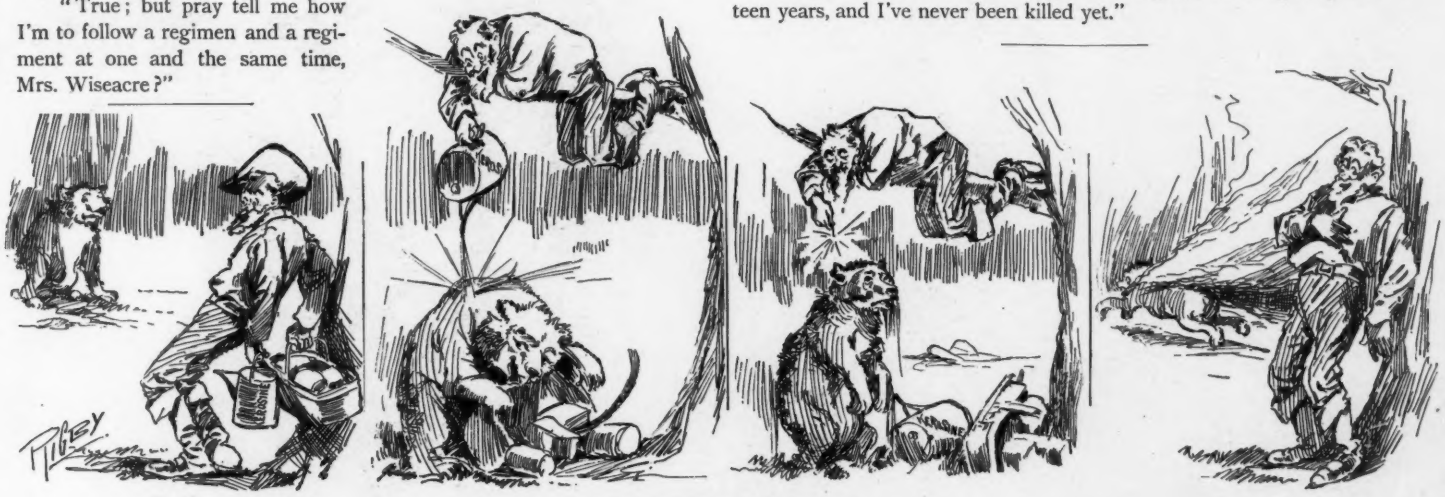
"What's the trouble, Colonel Rubbles?" asked his neighbor on the left.
"Why don't you eat your luncheon?" was the question;
"I never *eat* a luncheon," was the surly, sharp reply,
"I just inhale the odor. (*Indigestion!*)"

G.

HE WAS NOT AFRAID.

Farmer's wife—"Aren't you afraid, my good man, that some day you will be killed by the cars, walking as much as you do on the track?"

Tramp—"No, mum; I've been on the great steel highways for fifteen years, and I've never been killed yet."



AN IGNOBLE WEAPON.

"Thet onery ole b'ar an' no gun! Jest my blamed luck."

"Hol' on! You don't git the groceries without a rassle for 'em."

"How's that strike yer?"

"Now light out, darn yer!"

IN THE GLOAMING.

His darling—"George, dear, how sad and solemn are the thoughts connected with the close of the year. The beautiful summer is dead. The boughs of the trees, stripped of their foliage, bend and sway in the chill autumn breezes that sough through their—their"——

"Whiskers?" suggested George himself.

"No; branches, dearest. And listen to the melancholy chirpings of the toadstools"——

"Those are not toadstools; they are crickets, dear."

"Oh, is that so? I knew it was something to sit on."

SOMETHING NEW.

Waiter—"What's your order, sir?"

Gentleman—"One patent-leather lunch."

Waiter (calling)—"Piece of apple-pie and two lemon-cookies."

A TERRIBLE BLUNDER.

First great politician—"My heavens! the state ticket is lost."

Second ditto—"Nonsense. What makes you carry on like that?"

First great politician—"Do you know, man, that the convention adjourned without adopting resolutions of sympathy for Ireland in her struggle for home rule?"

LASSOED.

HALL-BOY—"What's all this yelling about?"

MR. BRUMLEY—"You'll find out if you don't git an axe an' let me loose. I hitched this rope on m'self afore I went t' sleep so's to be sure, an' I happened t' turn over two 'r three times in th' night!"

WHEN some fun you'd be at
Then fine weather comes pat;
But your pleasures all scatter
When the rain comes down patter.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

MASTER TOMMY was strutting about, very proud of his first pair of pants.

"And now," remarked a member of the family, "you're quite a man."

"Yes;" added the youngster, "and I can swear just like papa."

JIM BLAINE THI

He means to enrich this country by guiding S

INE THE GUIDE.

y guiding South American trade to our shores.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co New York

BIDDY AN' TIM.

WHIN the marnin' is foine an' early
I git out av me comftherble bed,
An' I shouldher me pick-ax an' shovel,
An' put me ould tile on me head.
Thin it's aff to the aqueduct workin',
Wid a kiss from me Biddy an' Tim;
An' bechune you an' me an' the lamp-post
I'd not do it at all but fer thim.

It's hard work an' mane work an' dirthy,
An' the shweat's dhroppin' aff uv me chin;
There be's days whin I make no advancement,
No matther how well I begin.
There be's days whin I'd spind fer the lager
Enough so me thirst it cud shwim,
If becnune you an' me an' the lamp-post
It wasn't fer Biddy an' Tim!

But whin I git home in the avenin'
The broth av a bye is awake,
An' hollers an' howls fer his daddy
Till the ceilin's beginnin' ter shake;
An' Biddy comes round wid her blarney
Till back-aches an' throubles grows dim—
Oh, the world wud be impty an' lonesome
If it wasn't fer Biddy an' Tim!

FLORENCE E. PRATT.

A NEW USE FOR LINGUISTS.

READ in a country weekly:

"Wanted, by a family from the city, a teacher of languages to call twice a week to correct the pronunciation of a Brazilian parrot."

SPOKE FROM EXPERIENCE.

Friend—"Going into the life-insurance business, eh? You'll want a good deal of persistence to make it pay."

Brownley—"Have you ever done any canvassing?"

Friend—"No; but I've been canvassed."

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Crank—"You really ought to look into the theory of reincarnation."

Practical man—"Haven't time. When they get so they put it into practice come around and I'll investigate it."

THEY MOURNED HIS LOSS.

Major Henderson—"That's bad news I just heard about Colonel Carter."

Captain Dawson—"What's up now?"

Major Henderson—"I understand the colonel has stopped drinking."

Captain Dawson—"You don't say so! When is the funeral?"

SWEET CHARITY.

GLENN—"Suppose we go down and see that poor Widow Masterson with a broken leg?"

BERTHA—"You can go that way if you like; I prefer to go whole."

A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE.

A MORE than middle-aged bachelor married a young girl.

When a son and heir was added to the family the nurse was wont to show the new-comer to visitors with the traditional remark:

"Looks like his pa, doesn't he?"

One day a grouty old gentleman who couldn't see the resemblance replied with a grunt:

"Just so; he's quite bald and has no teeth."

THEY ANNOUNCED THEMSELVES.

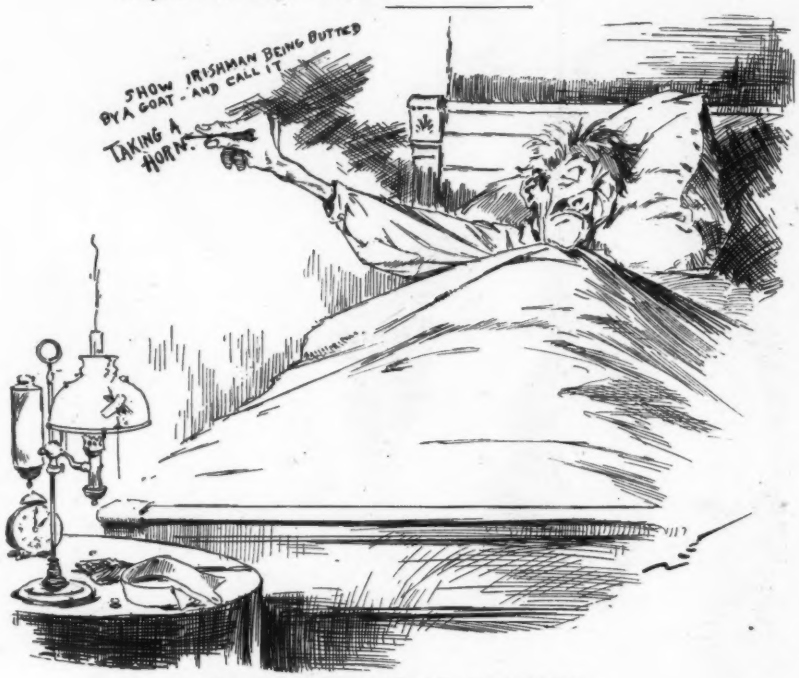
Gilroy—"I saw young Gibbon this morning and he told me he had just returned from London."

Thomas—"Yes; I understand his trousers have quite an English accent."

QUITE A DIFFERENT MATTER.

Caller—"Why don't you try Christian science for Fido? You know how much it did for our baby."

Hostess—"Yes; but I can't afford to fool with the life of that dog. Why, he cost forty-five dollars."



THE VAMPIRES OF THOUGHT.

CARICATURIST (*at* 1 *a. m.*)—"'T won't do to forget this." (*Goes to work with a burnt match.*)

AUTHOR OF THIS IS DEAD.

Mrs. De Smythe—"John, dear, I think I'll have a couple of rooms finished off in the attic and sleep up there. I believe these lower rooms are damp and likely to give me the rheumatism. What do you think about it?"

De Smythe—"I think of the two alternatives I'd choose the former."

Mrs. De Smythe—"What alternatives?"

De Smythe—"Attic-rooms or rheumatics."

"'LAUGH and grow fat?'
Pshaw! that's all fudge!"
Easy to prove it, though—
Go read the JUDGE!

CAUSE OF HIS INTEREST.

Bagley—"See how interested Judge Tooley is in the play."

Bailey—"Well, if any one is interested in the performance he ought to be."

Bagley—"Why, did he write the play?"

Bailey—"No; but seven of the ladies in the company graduated from his divorce court."

BLIGHTED.

MR. LITTLEJOHN—"Will you dawnce?"

MISS HESPER—"You'll excuse me."

MR. LITTLEJOHN—"Pwomenade?"

MISS HESPER—"Hardly. I'm so unused to carrying little ones I'm afraid I might let you drop."

THE DAY IN A PIE.

You all know the old "Sing a song of sixpence." Have you ever read what it meant? If not, here is the explanation given by the New York *World:* The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world; the top crust is the sky that over-arches it. The opening of the pie is day-dawn, when the birds begin to sing; and surely such a sight is "a dainty dish to set before the king." The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun; while the gold-pieces that slip through his fingers are golden sunshine. The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight. The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before the king—the sun—has risen, is the day-dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird which so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose" is the hour of sunset. So we have the whole day—in a pie.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

THE SONG OF THE TALKER.

Sweeter than Eolian breathings on the tense and trembling wire,
Made by flower-burdened zephyrs from the perfume-reeking south;
Sweeter than the heavenly harpings of the rapt angelic choir,
Is the music, endless music, of my ever-sounding mouth!
How I love its giddy gurgle!
How I love its fluent flow!
How I love to wind my mouth up
How I love to hear it go!

Sweeter than the bulbul singing hid in oriental eve—
How it satisfies the hunger of my wide, voracious ears;
I listen to its music and no longer disbelieve
The Pythagorean fancy of the music of the spheres!
How I love its giddy gurgle!
How I love its fluent flow!
How I love to wind my mouth up
How I love to hear it go!

Sweeter far than shawms and cymbals, harp and psaltery to me;
Sweeter than the flow of water thro' sun-smitten lands of drouth;
Sweeter than the sunrise music of Memnonian melody
Is the tintinnabulation of my automatic mouth!
How I love its giddy gurgle!
How I love its fluent flow!
How I love to wind my mouth up!
How I love to hear it go!
—*S. W. Foss in the Yankee Blade.*

Angostura Bitters is universally conceded to be the best appetizer in the world. Manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. At all druggists.

THE DEAD-LETTER ROUTE.

You wives who cannot understand why friends so long delay
In answering the letters which you last year sent away,
Should remember ere you undertake their slowness to assail,
That likely 'twas your husband took your letters to the mail.
If you into the secrets of their pockets dare to pry,
Some writing in a hand you've seen before will greet your eye,
And toward the correspondents whom you've censured you'll relent,
For the letters which you wrote last year have never yet been sent. —*Chicago Herald.*

C. C. SHAYNE,
MANUFACTURER OF
Sealskin Garments
AND ALL
Leading Fashionable Furs,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Specialty made of Gentlemen's Fur-lined Overcoats, Caps, Gloves, and Sleigh Robes.
124 West 42d Street
and 103 Prince Street,
NEW YORK.
Fashion Book mailed Free.

CHUNKS OF WISDOM.

The way to get rich with a rush is to go slow.

Your friends punish you more than your enemies.

Many a man knows a dollar by sight who does not know its value.

When you look at some people the first thing you think of is a club.

Don't try to drown your troubles in the cup; troubles are great swimmers.

The first time a man is called Baldy the thought of a fight comes into his head.

It is so easy for a mean man to say that the people dislike him because of envy.

It is safe to say that no girl ever went to a party without wearing something that was borrowed.

There is a coarse streak in every man that lives; it is bound to crop out if you know him too well.

The two ugliest things on earth are the man who looks like a girl and the girl who looks like a man.

Every man knows how mean he is himself, but is not absolutely sure about his neighbor; hence his fondness for gossip.

The woman who takes three hours to dress for a party may be vain, but she will never wear short hair or try to act like a man.

When a young man starts out to get a drink and passes an old drunkard on the way we wonder that he doesn't think of him.

When a woman pays another woman a compliment she speaks of her as having been good-looking once, and then adds, "But, my, how she has changed!"

A slouchy woman who cannot make the best use of her clothes is apt to say that the woman who dresses well on a similar allowance did not come by her clothes honestly.—*Atchison Globe.*

BERTON "SEC" CHAMPAGNE.

Case one dozen bottles, $30.00, net. Case two dozen half-bottles, $32.00, net.

SMILE AND FROWN.

She smiled from morning until night,
A smile was always on her lips,
And bubbling mirth and wholesome joy
Sprang from her very finger-tips.

I'd meet her on the street—she'd smile;
In drawing-room—she'd smile the same;
Her whole life seemed a happy one.
Alas! too soon a change there came.

One morn I met her, sad to tell!
A mournful look was on her face,
And where the smiles had once held sway
A look of agony had its place.

Had she been crossed in love? Ah, no!
I banished far the thought, forsooth.
I chanced to look—the reason found.
Poor girl! she'd lost a sweet front tooth.
—*Lawrence American.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

It takes a poet with a good deal of imagination to speak of a mole on a woman's cheek as a tear-drop petrified by its own audacity.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Young manager—"You are making a great deal of talk about the legitimate drama. Now, I'd like to know what you mean by the legitimate, anyway?" *Old manager*—"The legitimate drama, dear boy, is made up of those plays whose authors are dead and on which managers need pay no royalty."—*America.*

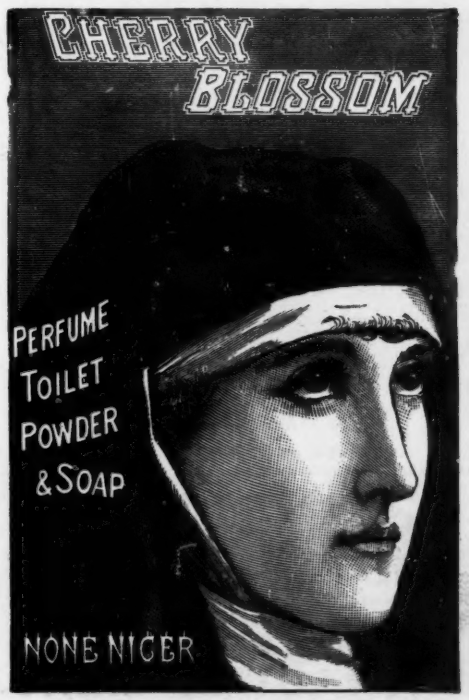
SIMPLY PERFECT.

The Union Pacific Railway, "The Overland Route," has equipped its trains with dining-cars of the latest pattern, and on and after August 18th the patrons of its fast trains between Council Bluffs and Denver, and between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., will be provided with delicious meals, the best the market affords, perfectly served, at seventy-five cents each. Pullman's Palace Car Co. will have charge of the service on these cars.

This story of Judges Noah Davis and Martin Grover is attributed by the New York *Observer* to the Hon. Richard P. Marvin, now living in Jamestown in his 87th year: "It was not long ago, when I was presiding judge of the court of appeals, and Judges Davis and Grover were on the bench with me. During a whole day cases had been coming up for review that were on appeal from decisions made by Justice Grover or Davis. After a while Judge Grover wrote on a slip of paper, 'How's this, Davis; all the appeals are from your decisions or mine?' and handed it to me to pass to Judge Davis. Davis wrote underneath, 'We do all the business,' and passed it back. The proceedings went along for a day or two, when we began to review cases from my own decisions, and again Grover passed along a slip of paper for Judge Davis, 'How now, Davis? No appeals from ours!' 'We commit no errors,' answered Davis without hesitation."

YOUMANS
CELEBRATED HATS.
Style and Quality Unequaled.
180—719—1107 Broadway.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
PIANOS
Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warerooms, 149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th St., N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1318 Chestnut Street; CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street; SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club Building; ST. LOUIS, MO., 1522 Olive Street; KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main St



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

PREMIÈRE QUALITÉ CIGARETTE.

A SUPERB ARTICLE. The standard of purity and excellence. The faultless union of two matchless tobaccos prevents that dryness of the throat usually produced by smoking other brands. Do not allow prejudice to prevent you from giving this incomparable cigarette a trial. It is simply perfection, and a luxury, and not a low-priced article.

Our Vanity Fair and other smoking mixtures are the finest for the pipe.

16 First-prize Medals. ***WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.***

Some Children Growing Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. But you can fortify them and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
Of Lime and Soda.

They will take it readily, for it is almost as palatable as milk. And it should be remembered that AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. *Avoid substitutions offered.*

CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

All genuine CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGARS have a band bearing his name, as in above cut. This is the finest three-for-a-quarter cigar manufactured in the world. For the past eight years it has been sold by the leading jobbers in the United States, and has steadily increased in popularity and volume, and to-day it stands without a rival. For sale by all **first-class Retailers** and by the **following well-known Jobbers:**

Ross W. Weir & Co., New York.
W. H. Fischhofer, New York.
Howard W. Spurr & Co., Boston.
Eldridge & Higgins, Columbus, O.
Henry Straus, Cincinnati, O.
Simon Baer's Sons, Wheeling, W. Va.
Ball, Barnhart & Putnam, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Richard D. Bakrow, Louisville, Ky.
Garrett & Sons, Columbus, Ga.
Beerman & Silverman, Atlanta, Ga.
H.W.Bernheim & Co.,Montgomery,Ala.
B. Kahn, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
B. F. Moore & Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Sprague, Warner & Co., Chicago.
The Western News Co., Chicago.
Geo. Wright & Bro., Milwaukee, Wis.
Jacob Wellauer & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Harrison, Farrington & Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Jas. H. Brookmire & Co., St. Louis, Mo.
D. M. Steele & Co., Omaha, Neb.
J. S. Brown & Bro., Denver, Col.
Fred. J. Kiesel & Co., Ogden, Utah.
Idelman Bros., Cheyenne, Wyo.
T. C. Power & Bro., Fort Benton, Mont.
Lowenthal & Meyers, Albuquerque, N.M.
S. Guckenheimer & Son, Savannah, Ga.

BROUGHAMS, COACHES, LANDAUS, ROCKAWAYS, STANHOPES, PHAETONS, CARTS, Etc., Etc.

R. M. STIVERS, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152 EAST 31ST ST.

VICTORIAS, CABRIOLETS, VIS-A-VIS, WAGONETS, SURREYS, BUCK-BOARDS, Etc., Etc.

IMMENSE STOCK, ALL GRADES.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader $6.75. RIFLES $2.00 PISTOLS 75¢ **GUNS** All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for Catalogue. Address POWELL & CLEMENT, 180 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. WATCHES, CLOCKS, Etc.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic and an agreeable stimulant." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

J. v. Liebig

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label, as above.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L'td, London.

HISTORICAL ITEM.

"What did Hannibal do after the battle of Cannæ?" asked a German school-teacher of his pupils.

First pupil—"He pursued the Romans with great vigor."

Teacher—"Wrong! Next!"

Second pupil—"He encamped on the battle-ground."

Teacher—"Next!"

Third pupil—"He retreated to his former position."

Teacher—"You are all wrong. Ain't you ashamed of yourselves that none of you know the correct answer to such a simple question? I say, you boy at the foot of the class, what did Hannibal do after the battle of Cannæ?"

Last boy—"I don't know."

Teacher—"Correct, my boy; you have studied your lesson properly. Go up to the head of the class. You don't know, and nobody else knows what Hannibal did after the battle of Cannæ."—*Texas Siftings.*

Tommy—"Pop, what's a philanthropist?" *Mr. Gill*—"A philanthropist, my son, is a man who would rather supply a dozen men with a collar apiece than give one man a shirt."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

It is a queer comment upon the red-tape methods of a church organization that one of the duties of the Episcopal convention is to correct certain verbal errors in the prayer-book which any proof-reader would fix in half a jiffy if he had the authority to do so.—*Brooklyn Times.*

"I've got a bright idea,"
Said a maiden young and fair
To her lover who was helping her
To rock a rocking-chair.
Then smilingly he answered,
"I'm very sure if you
Would be my little wife I'd have
A bright-eyed dear too."—*Cornell Sun.*

Out on the windy and deserted picnic ground the gaunt and awful refreshment booth is strewing its ice-cream and lemonade signs all the way from the empty dancing platform to the extinct beer pavilion. The stalwart young men who lately purchased three throws at their aunt Sally with stray nickels, or who dallied with the wheel-of-fortune in reckless moments, are now piloting coal-wagons through the streets or are stabbing steers in the slaughtering emporiums of Pickingtown. The lovely young women who lately illuminated those suburban groves with lawn and ribbons are now baking buckwheat cakes in the frosty calm of these October mornings, or are bestowing fairy touches on the rare beefsteak beloved of the citizen. Therefore, the picnic ground at this season is a melancholy place, only popular with cows and suicides.—*Chicago News.*

An amusing book is "Little Baron Trump and His Wonderful Dog Bulger," by Ingersoll Lockwood, a thoughtful, imaginative, and deserving writer, with illustrations by George Wharton Edwards, and from the press of Lee & Shepard. The title of the book sufficiently indicates its purpose.

CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

Der oxcellence of firtue und der humpback of vice should leave imbressions on efery people's mind.

Old age dond nefer dooks you mit surprise. It vas besser you look pooty vell out und been dhere vhen he comes.

Dots besser you feel der unhabbinesses und sorrows of dis life yost like a man, und put em on your shoulter mit fortitoot.

The superior excellence of the Sohmer Piano is to be found in its volume, purity, and richness of tone, and solidity of construction. The Bijou Parlor Grand is a marvel of mechanical and artistic skill.

It beats the deuce how some men preach
And very pious shake the head,
When age puts sin beyond their reach
And each desire for wrong is dead!
When sin no longer is delight,
'Tis easy then to do what's right.
—*Youngstown Telegram.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block Rochester, N. Y.*

BARRY'S Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR ESTABLISHED 1801

is admitted to be the standard preparation for all purposes connected with the hair, prevents its falling off, eradicates scurf, dandruff, etc., keeps it in the most beautiful condition, richly perfumed, and is warranted to cause new hair to grow on bald places. **Price 50 Cents.** ALL DRUGGISTS.

BARCLAY & CO., NEW YORK.

INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE

NO TROUBLE NO BOILING

THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE. EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT. POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS. 75¢ PER CAN.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
INVENTORS AND SOLE MAN'FS. PHILADELPHIA.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPAN

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

SPECIAL.—We will send by mail **a trial order** of 3½ lbs. on receipt of $2.00. Name the kind of tea you are accustomed to using. Greatest inducement ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated **Teas and Coffees,** and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, or Webster's Dictionary. For full particulars address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

$75 PER MONTH SALARY and expenses paid, any active man or woman to sell a line of Silver Plated Ware, Watches and Jewelry by sample only; can live at home. We furnish *Team Free.* Full particulars and sample case *Free.* We mean just what we say, and do exactly as we agree. Address at once,
Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.

KNOX'S WORLD-RENOWNED HATS.

ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.

Retail stores, 212 Broadway, corner Fulton st.; 194 5th ave. under Fifth Avenue Hotel; 340 Fulton st., Brooklyn, and 191 & 193 State st., Chicago. Agents for the sale of these high class Hats can be found in every city in the United States.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE Repairs Everything. Pullman Palace Car Co., Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Co., and everybody who appreciates a good thing uses it.

THE STRONGEST GLUE IN THE WORLD. 2 GOLD MEDALS AWARDED LONDON 1862, NEW ORLEANS 1885. RUSSIA CEMENT CO. Gloucester, Mass.

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.

FOR BRAIN-WORKERS & SEDENTARY PEOPLE

Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 in. square floor-room; new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Indorsed by 20,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Send for ill'd circular, 40 eng's; no charge. Prof. D. L. Dowd, Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th st., New York.

FACIAL DEVELOPEMENT.

Will mail you rules to develop muscles of cheeks and neck to make them plump and rosy, fully illustrated, for 50 Cents. Also rules for Dumb-bells to develop every muscle of the limbs and body for 50 cents additional, fully illustrated. Prof. D. L. DOWD, Scientific, Physical and Vocal Culture. Address, No. 14 School, 9 East 14th Street, New York.

Ely's Cream Balm

is the best remedy *for children* suffering from

COLD IN HEAD OR **CATARRH**

Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., New York.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

UPHOLSTERY.—Lampas, Brocades, Damas, Satins, "Louis XVI.," and Empire styles, in all new decorative colorings. Complete sets in fine Silk and Silk and Wool "Louis XVI." Tapestries for Curtains and Coverings; Marbleized Plushes, new colorings.

CARPETS.—Scotch Axminsters and Royal Wiltons, in "Louis XIV." and "Louis XVI." styles, in novel and delicate effects, suitable for white and gold drawing-rooms; also old gold, blue and terra-cotta for dining-rooms and libraries.

BRUSSELS CARPETS in English and the best American manufacture, in delicate and neutral effects. These goods range in price from one dollar a yard up.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK.

THE PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.

RHEIMS,

STEUBEN CO.,

NEW YORK.

THIS is the finest Champagne produced in America, and compares favorably with European Vintages.

A Natural, Genuine Champagne, fermented in the bottle, two years being required to perfect the Wine.

Our Sweet and Dry Catawba and Port are, like all our Wines, made from selected grapes, and are pure Wines.

FOR PRICES, ADDRESS AS ABOVE.

WEAR THE BURT & PACKARD

IT CONFORMS TO SHAPE OF FOOT

If you want **perfection** in fit, with freedom from **corns** and **all discomfort** you will always wear the **Burt & Packard Shoe.** It is acknowledged as the *most comfortable*, the *best wearing* and *most stylish* gentlemen's shoe made in the world.

Don't spoil your feet by wearing cheap shoes.

The **Burt & Packard Shoe** costs no more than any other fine shoe, *though none approach it in value.*

All styles in Hand-made, Hand-welt, and Burtwelt; also Boys' and Youths'. If not sold by your dealer send his name and your address to

Packard & Field, (successors to Burt & Packard) **Brockton, Mass.**

IMPROVED OIL & LIME LIGHT.

CATALOGUES FREE

OUTFITS $25.00 $50.00 $80.00 EACH.

MAGIC LANTERNS STEREOPTICONS VIEWS &c.

J.B. COLT & CO. MANUFACTURERS. 16 BEEKMAN ST. NEW YORK.

GREENWAY'S AMERICAN TRADE MARK.

DOUBLE STOUT, INDIA PALE ALE, HALF & HALF.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS

IN GLASS OR WOOD. FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED FOR FAMILY OR CLUB USE.

RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS. FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & DEALERS.

THE GREENWAY BREWING CO. SYRACUSE, N.Y.

THE FRONT GATE.

An old and crippled gate am I,
And twenty years have pass
Since I was hung up high and dry
Betwixt these posts so fast.
But now I've grown so powerful weak
Despised by man and beast—
I'm scarcely strong enough to squeak
Although I'm never greased.

'Twas twenty years ago, I say,
When Mr. Enos White
Came kind of hanging round my way
'Most every other night.
He hung upon my starboard side,
And she upon the other,
Till Susan Smith became his bride
And in due time a mother.

I groaned intensely when I heard—
Despite I am no churl—
My doom breathed in a single word:
The baby was a girl!
And as she grew, and grew, and grew
I loud bemoaned my fate;
For she was very fair to view,
And I—I was the gate!

Then, in due time a lover came,
Betokening my ruin;
A dapper fellow, Brown by name,
The grown-up baby wooin'.
They sprang upon me in the gloam,
And talked of moon and star;
They're married now and live at home
Along with ma and pa.

My lot was happy for a year,
No courtin' night or day;
I had no thought, I had no fear
Bad luck would come my way.
But oh! this morning, save the mark,
There came a wild surprise,
A shadow flitted, grim and dark,
Across my sunny skies.

A doctor with a knowing smile,
A nurse with face serene,
A bustle in the house the while—
Great Scott! What can it mean?
My hinges ache, my back is weak,
My pickets in a whirl;
I hear that awful doctor speak,
It is another girl!—*Denver Tribune.*

Pearl Eytinge has written a novel entitled "Velvet Vice," which is not as vicious as its title would seem to indicate. It has warmth and glow and color, and treats of man's weakness and woman's consequent infidelity; but the wickedness is told as gently—leaving out a few of the passion paragraphs which are made to sell the novel of to-day—as if the writer's language were velvet itself. It is a very good story with not a little poetry and philosophy in it, and considerable originality; and the writer's pretty face on the cover will help to sell it as much as will its several chapters.

Tommy (in the presence of young Sweetner, sister's beau)—"You told ma a lie the other night, Clara."

Sister Clara—"I guess not, brother mine."

Tommy—"Yes, sir-ree. You said that when Mr. Sweetner called he acted so silly that you never could keep a straight face, and your face is as straight as mine now."—*Kearney Enterprise.*

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

The Clements Safe

Is a wrought-iron, fire-proof, combination-lock safe; is made in all sizes, and sells from $35 upward, including cost of delivery at any railroad-station east of Rocky Mountains. Send for illustrated catalogue.

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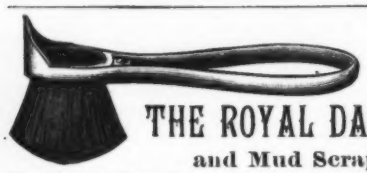

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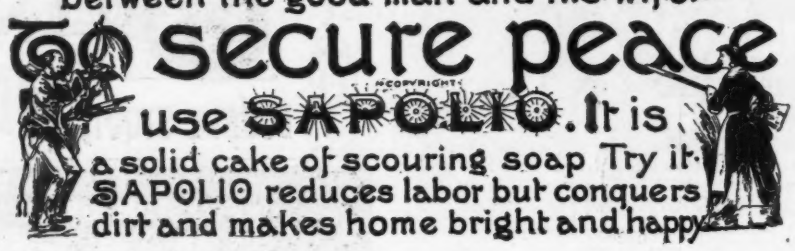

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